H. R. FREEBORN, Gentlemen's Hosier, Glover, and Complete Outfitter
TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.—COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, CROSS STREET, and 2, VICTORIA STREET (late of the Arcade).

HUSBAND'S NEW PATENT VENTILATING HATS, 35, MARKET-ST.

Vol. II.—No. 56. MANCHESTER, Saturday, September 4th. Price One Penny.

Fresh Arrivals of Tea at
J. F. MART'S
ESTABLISHMENTS,
Opposite Town Hall, Salford;
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Congou . . 2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, Rich Pekoe-flavor, 3/- & 3/4.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

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MESSRS. MICHAUX & CO. beg to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that for the future
MR. S. DAWSON,
Parsonage Chambers, 56, DEANSGATE,
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will be their Sole Agent for England for the Sale of their Celebrated Velocipedes.
Purchasers will please observe that MICHAUX & Co. in large letters are on each Machine, without which none are genuine.

SILVER LEVER WATCHES £3. 3s. to £6. 6s
Silver Horizontal ditto, £1. 10s. to £3. 3s.
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Every Watch accurately timed and guaranteed.
JEWELLERY
of every description, in new and choice designs.
GOLD GUARD AND ALBERT CHAINS
In great variety.
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Watch and Clock Manufacturers, Goldsmiths, &c.
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Dining and Drawing-room Clocks, Hall Clocks, Alarums, &c., in every variety. Lowest net prices only charged.

PURE WATER FILTERS at 5s. 6d.
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Exhibited at the great Exhibition 1851. Silver Prize Medal Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Society. Silver Prize Medal Middleton Agricultural Society.
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Works: Upper Medlock-street Hulme.

IN REFERENCE

To WINE it is a fact that many persons are pleased if they can say "We import our own." They have an impression that by so doing they not only get it cheaper but purer; and, besides, there is the honour of importing. They overlook altogether that those Foreign Dealers who seek them out are quite aware of this amiable weakness, and do not fail to take advantage of it to add some shillings to the price. To assist the impression they judiciously insinuate that their article is purer than what usually comes to England, and thus they lull that desire for comparison which would soon dispel the delusion.

These remarks apply specially to

GERMAN WINES,

And, in proof of them, we would ask those Gentlemen who buy such Wines to compare our

STILL HOCK AT

20s.	with their own importing at		24s.	
24s.	Do.	do.	,,	28s.
33s.	Do.	do.	,,	36s.
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SPARKLING HOCK AND MOSELLE.

36s.	Do.	do.	,,	42s.
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Even supposing the value to be equal, there is this advantage in buying here, that any quantity can be got when wanted; whereas, in importing, a quantity of money is locked up, probably for years, in an article not of every day consumption.

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WINE MERCHANTS,
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THE TROPICAL BEETLE POWDER will destroy cockroaches, beetles, and crickets sooner and more effectually than any other preparation ever offered to the public. It is perfectly harmless to dogs or cats, as they will not touch it. The following is one out of a number of testimonials which the proprietor has received:—

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"Mr. E. Griffiths Hughes.—Sir,—The effect of your tropical beetle powder is really marvellous. I laid some down one night, and the next morning the floor was fairly covered with cockroaches, dead and dying. I may say there were hundreds of them. After applying it three times, we were quite free from them.—Yours very truly,
"JAMES MILNER."

Manufactured by E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, chemist, Cateaton-street, Manchester; and sold by all chemists, in 6d. and 1s. packets.
MAYER'S New Patent GASOGENES, for making half gallon of Soda Water, price 25s.

"Will you tell me that?"—*Shakespere.*

What better can there be than GEE'S
Unrivalled felt-lined Hat?
What better can be formed for ease—
Pray can you tell me that?

Nay, none this splendid Hat can beat,
It always fits us right;
In style and make 'tis most complete,
'Tis really soft and light.

Just Published, price One Shilling—
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA ON HATS.
"A Homily on the Head Coverings of Humanity; Humourous, Æsthetic, and Historical," by the above eminent author.
JAMES GEE, HATTER,
13, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER,
Sole Agent for Woodrow's Prize Medal Hats.

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BALL SUPPERS, and DINNERS Supplied, by
MESSRS. PARKER AND SON,
ST. MARY'S GATE,
In the most fashionable style, on moderate terms, including the hire of plate, china, glass, &c. An elegant assortment of Bridecakes always ready. Bills of fare for any number, with prices, sent post free. Late Purveyors to the Botanical Society.

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MILITARY TAILOR
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DIRECTORY.

[In the case of those names which are marked with an asterisk (*) a more detailed advertisement appears in another column.]

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*PRINCE'S THEATRE, Oxford-street.—Every night.

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*ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Belle Vue.

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*SLACK and BROWNLOW, 1, Victoria-street; Works: Upper Medlock-street.

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*CONCERT INN, York-st.—F. D. Clarke, Proprietor.

*NEW TOWN HALL RESTAURANT & Luncheon Bar, 51, Princess-street, Albert-square.

*THE OLD BANK LUNCHEON BAR and Chop Rooms, 85, Market-street.

*THE SHADES & OLD BANK RESTAURANTS, 2, New Brown-street, and 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, and 89, Market-street.—J. Bury, Proprietor.

HOUSE FURNISHERS.

*R. H. GIBSON, 90, to 96, Stretford Road, and 78, Oldham-street.

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*SHILLITO and SHORLAND, 160 to 164, Stretford Road.

INDIA RUBBER MANUFACTURERS.

*H. STATHAM and Co. 11, Corporation-street.

JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

*T. ARMSTRONG and BROTHER, 88, Deansgate.

*R. WALMSLEY, 129, Oldham-street.

MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN.

*G. R. ALLINSON, 54 and 54a, High-street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*Carriage Manufacturer: J. H. SMITH, Victoria-street, Congleton.

*Globe Parcel Express Company: 127a, Market-st.

*Patent Corkscrew: GEORGE TWIGG, 30, Mosley Road, Birmingham.

*Perambulators: JOHN OWEN, 1, Oldham-street, and 80, Deansgate.

*Porpoise-skin Boot Laces: GILL and Co., 12, Brewer-street, Golden-Square, London.

*Starch Manufacturers: WOTHERSPOON & Co. Glasgow and London.

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*H. R. FREEBORN & Co., Commercial Buildings, Cross-street, and 2, Victoria-street (late of the Arcade).

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RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.

*To Matlock.—MIDLAND RAILWAY Co. Every Saturday.

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*"FLORENCE" LOCK STITCH, 19 and 21, Blackfriars-street, corner of Deansgate.

*GROVER and BAKER'S, 67, Oldham-street.—J. Hodgson, Agent.

*W. GARNER, Park Works, Park-street, near Ducie Bridge.

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*J. G. KERSHAW and Co. 37, Oxford-street.

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*MOTTERSHEAD and Co. 1, Market Place.

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*WILLIAM JAMES WRIGHT, 58, Lower King-street.

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*HARGRAVES, 44, Swan-street, and 2 to 10, Mason-street.

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*JOSEPH WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly: (also Perambulators and Invalids' Carriages.)

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*MICHAUX and Co. Agent: S. Dawson, 56, Deansgate.

WINDOW BLINDS.

*J. HAYWARD, 5, John Dalton-street.

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*JAMES SMITH and COMPANY, 26, Market-street, Manchester; 11, Lord-street, Liverpool; 28, High-street, Birmingham.

*J. STOCKS and Co. 121, Broad-street, Pendleton, and 266, Stretford Road.

The charges for insertion in the Directory, which are extremely moderate, may be ascertained by post, or on personal application to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford-street, Manchester.

NOTICE.

THE attention of Parents and others is requested to a PATENTED IMPROVEMENT in HOODS for PERAMBULATORS & INVALID CARRIAGES, which is a simple contrivance for raising or lowering the hood of such vehicles, and dispenses with the use of the strap ordinarily used. This invention may be applied at a small cost to any vehicle; is cheaper than anything which has preceded it, and is warranted for two years, the same as all Carriages sold at this establishment.

JOS. WALSH, 57a, Piccadilly, Manchester.

VELOCIPEDES constructed on the best principle, usually charged £10, selling at £7. 10.

DELICIOUS EFFERVESCING SUMMER BEVERAGES can be made at home, with the

NEW PATENT GAZOGENE,

PRICE 10s.

MOTTERSHEAD & CO., 1, MARKET PLACE.
(Wholesale and Retail.)

BUTTER! BUTTER! BUTTER!

McCANEY & CO.,

17, JAMES-ST., SMITHFIELD MARKET,
And 205, CITY ROAD, offer the best

NEW GRASS IRISH BUTTER

At 10d., 11d., and 1s per lb.

EGGS and POULTRY of the freshest and choicest description, at prices much cheaper than any other house in Manchester. Wholesale and retail customers meet with every attention.
FRESH ARRIVALS DAILY.

THE

Globe Parcel Express,

127a, MARKET STREET.

PARCELS & PACKAGES FORWARDED DAILY to ALL PARTS of ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE
CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

GOODS and PARCELS forwarded per Mail and other Steamers or Sailing Vessels to India, China, Australia, United States, Canada, and all other parts of the World.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

SHILLITO AND SHORLAND,

Ironmongers and Gas Fitters,

IN ALL THEIR BRANCHES,

Owing to the great increase of their business, have taken the large and extensive Premises,

160, 162, and 164,

STRETFORD ROAD,

lately occupied by JOHN VERTEGANS and Co., Ironmongers (Limited), where will be found a large and well selected STOCK, at the Lowest Prices for Cash.

☞ Price Lists on application.

All kinds of Repairs promptly attended to.

GARDEN HOSE, with BRASS WORK.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FISHING STOCKINGS, TROUSERS AND BOOTS,
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

FLEXIBLE HOSE for GARDENS fitted with Taps, Jets, Roses, Spreaders, and Unions.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

THE INDIA-RUBBER SPONGES and INDIA-RUBBER CORKS have only to be seen and tried to be appreciated and adopted.
H. STATHAM & CO., 11, Corporation-street.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

The extraordinary range of temperature prevailing in our climate is extremely trying to the delicate-chested, the weak and nervous. All troubled by these afflictions should resolve to resort to this strengthening and regulating medicine immediately they perceive in themselves discomfort, or that feeling of restlessness which betokens disordered digestion and defective secretion of bile. One of Holloway's Pills, taken about noon, and followed at bed-time by a dose sufficiently large to act aperiently, will speedily recruit the faulty functions, and restore order throughout the whole system. A treatment so safe in operation and so successful in result should be known and practised when, from cold and sundry other causes, disease is attempting to gain a vexatious footing

Patronised by HER MAJESTY and their Royal Highnesses PRINCE & PRINCESS of Wales.

NICOLL'S

TRICHANOPHRON

Removes the scurf and all impurities from the skin, Strengthens Weak Hair, prevents its turning Grey, and and by daily application restores Grey Hair to its original colour, imparting to it a beautiful, clean, glossy appearance.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

HAIR RESTORED & BALDNESS PREVENTED
BY
NICOLL'S
ELECTRIC HAIR REGENERATOR.

One application prevents the hair from falling off, and by its use the short weak hair on the head, apparently bald, commences to grow with a vigour and rapidity truly astonishing. Its action on the hair through the medium of the skin removes all scurf and dandriff, and in many cases causes grey hair to turn to the original colour by removing obstructions at the root, causing the colouring or pigment to flow into the interior of the hair; one trial is sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d.

PREPARED BY
NICOLL,
11, AIR-ST., REGENT'S QUADRANT, LONDON.

NICOLL'S
GOLDEN TINCTURE,
For giving a brilliant Golden Shade to Hair of any color. Sold in bottles, 3s. 6d.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED DEPILATORY,
For Removing Superfluous Hair. Sent to any part of the Three Kingdoms, carriage free, on receipt of 20 Stamps.

NICOLL'S
CELEBRATED SYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE.

Free from Smell. Warranted not to stain the skin. The Hair Dyed in One Minute.—In cases, 3s. 6d.

Post Office Orders payable at Vigo Street.

Hair Cutter to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

MORRIS & BROWN,
AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS,
13, South King-street, Manchester.
D. ALONZO MORRIS.
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J. HAYWARD,

(For several years Manager to the late firm of Scholes & Co.)

Window Blind Manufacturer

5, JOHN DALTON STREET,
MANCHESTER.

Sun-Shades of every description made to order.

JAMES HOYLE SMITH,

COACH-BUILDER, CONGLETON,

CHESHIRE,

Exhibited his celebrated Novelty, which forms Five distinct Carriages, viz.: as Vis-a-vis, to drive from the inside. Ditto for Coachman. Ditto Close Carriage, with or without Driving Seat. Ditto Barouche Head.

The only maker in England. 4 shapes £150. 5 shapes £180.

ALSO HIS

ELECT, OR LADIES' DOG CART,

Hung low, and easy of access, suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

R. WALMSLEY, JEWELLER AND SILVERSMITH, Manufacturer of LEVER & CHRONOMETER WATCHES, 129, Oldham-st., Manchester.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,

MANCHESTER.

PROPRIETORS: THE PRINCE'S THEATRE COMPANY LIMITED.

SHAKSPERE'S

WINTER'S TALE

WILL BE PRESENTED

On WEDNESDAY, September 8th, and Every Evening,

With entirely New Scenery, Novelties, and Effects, by T. GRIEVE & SON, G. GORDON, PERKINS, HERBERTE, &c.
From Authorities furnished by "Becker's Charikles," "Potter's Antiquities," "Zahn's Pompeian Ornaments," "Dr. Smith's Grecian and Roman Antiquities," "Sir W. Gell's Pompeiana," &c. &c.

New Costumes and Appointments, by LEBLANC GRAINGER, of Paris; LABHART, of London; &c. &c.,
From Authorities furnished by Hope's "Antiquities," "Kretschmer, Planche," and "Burney."

The Music and Choruses, selected by Mr. CALVERT from the works of "Mozart," "Spohr," "Gounod," "Mehul," "Wagner," "Verdi," &c. &c., and arranged by Mr. EDWARD WILLIAMS.

The Bacchante Dance and the Dionysian Revels, invented and arranged by Miss M'GINTY.

The Machinery and Mechanical Appliances by Mr. JOHN BYRNES.

THE CAST WILL INCLUDE—

Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT. | Miss A. NEILSON. | Miss JULIA SEAMAN (specially engaged).
Miss A. CLAUDE. | Miss K. BALDWIN. | Miss M'GINTY, &c. &c.

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Mr. JOHN A. SHAW (Specially Engaged). | Mr. RAYMOND. | Mr. STEPHENSON. | Mr. WAINWRIGHT. | Mr. PEDLEY.
Mr. FRANK ARCHER, | Mr. RAE. | Mr. J. R. GIBSON, (Specially engaged). | Mr. BRACEWELL. | Mr. WESTERN.
Mr. WILLIAMS. | &c., &c.

AN AUGMENTED BALLET AND POWERFUL CHORUS.

Some Novel Tableaux, and suggested Episodes, have been introduced; and the entire production arranged and presented on the stage by CHARLES CALVERT,

At Seven precisely, will be presented, SHAKSPERE'S

WINTER'S TALE.

Act I.—Scene 1.

Sicilia.—Portion of a Peristyle in the King's Palace.—*Herberte.*

The Procession of the Symposium. The Symposiarch, or, Arbiter Bibendi. The King's Squires. The Royal Pages, carrying the Cyathus and drinking vessels for the Chief Guests, Rhytons, Cylix, &c., &c. Attendants bearing the Wine Crater. Women of the household with decorated Amphoræ, some containing wine, some water. Dancing Girls attired as Bacchantes, with baskets of flowers for presentation. The Guests. Musicians with the ancient Greek musical instruments:—Trigonon, Cithara, Phorminx, Psaltery, Timbrels, Dichord, Tuba, Cymbalum, &c. The Chorus.

Scene 2.

A Summer Apartment of the Palace, decorated with Flowers. *George Gordon.*

The Ceremonies and conduct of this Scene illustrate the ancient Greek manner of conducting a Royal Symposium. Singers and Players on Instruments entertaining the Guests. A Dance of Bacchantes, &c. &c.

Act II.—Scene 1.

THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS.—*Herberte.*

NOTE.—The uncertainty respecting the form or decoration of a Greek palatial interior of the period assigned to this play, is offered as a reason and opportunity for representing in this scene a close copy of a Pompeian apartment.

Scene 2.

A PRISON, Representing the Ear of Dionysius.—*Gordon.*

Scene 3. **THE KING'S CHAMBER.**

Act III.

THE THEATRE AT SYRACUSE.

Etna in the Distance.—The Queen's Trial.—*T. Grieve.*

The assembled Senate and People. The Oracle of Apollo.

Act IV.—Scene 1.

Bithynia.—A DESERT PLACE ON THE COAST.—A STORM.

Scene 2. **AN ALLEGORY,** *Perkins.*

SYMBOLISING NIGHT AND MORNING,

And Typifying the Course of Time. The Figure of Time, represented by Mr. RAE, appears surmounting the Globe, and describes the events of the sixteen years supposed to have elapsed.

Scene 3.—**THE PALACE OF POLIXENES.—*Perkins.***

Scene 4. **A ROAD near the SHEPHERD'S HOUSE.** *Gordon.*

Scene 5.—**A PASTORAL SCENE.—*T. Grieve.***

Representing the House of the Shepherd on a hill-side.—View of the distant country.—The scene decorated for a merry-making.—Oscilli suspended in the trees.—The gathering of the Peasants and Guests.—A Dance of twelve Shepherdesses with timbrels, then joined by twelve Shepherd youths playing on the "Tibiæ," and dancing; twelve Children with "Cymbali" then join, and the dance becomes general.

A SATYR DANCE.

NOTE.—Some resemblance to the revels of a Dionysia is here attempted.

Act V.—Scene 1.

Sicilia.—A SACRED GROVE,

With the Mausoleum of Hermione and Mamillius.—*T. Grieve.*

Leontes offering oblations of incense and flowers to his dead Queen and Son, a Turibulum burning at the door of the tomb; an attendant bearing the accerra, or incense box. Men and Carian women as mourners, singing a hymn in praise of the dead, accompanied by flutes. Time: Evening.

Scene 2.—**The PERISTYLE of the KING'S PALACE.**

Last Scene.

A SACRARIUM

IN PAULINA'S HOUSE.—*T. Grieve.*

THE STATUE.—FINAL TABLEAU.

NOTICE.—BOOKS OF THE PLAY, AS REPRESENTED, ARE ON SALE AT THE BOX OFFICE.

NOTICE.—In compliance with numerous requests from the patrons of this Theatre, Tickets for the Upper Circle will be sold at the Box Office, admitting the holders in the evening by the Dress Circle entrance, previous to the opening of the Upper Circle doors.—PRICES AS USUAL.

On MONDAY and TUESDAY the Theatre will remain CLOSED, for preparation.

G. R. Allinson, General Manchester Warehouse) Families supplied. Any length cut from the piece at Wholesale Prices. (54 & 54a, Hig

LIFE IN BLACKPOOL.

A POWERFUL imagination would be required to conceive the existence of a popular place of resort so completely destitute of internal attractions as Blackpool, with the one pleasant exception to which we shall by and by refer. The landscape behind is hard and barren in the extreme, and the stunted growth of trees and hedges around makes it cold and cheerless. We have only heard of one visitor who found that there were "nice" walks in the vicinity, a theory we only accounted for on discovering that he was in a hopelessly advanced stage of love. Not merely are there no beautiful features in the local scenery, but the vicinity can boast none. We can only enumerate drives to Thornton Church, the Shard on the river Wyre, Lytham, and Fleetwood, not one of which is anything above commonplace. There is a pleasant continuation of land and sea travel in a journey to Furness by way of Fleetwood, and trips to various places by steamer are announced, but the prospect of these latter is somewhat marred by the delightful uncertainty as to where and when you may be landed on the return sail.

But there is always one feature whose beauty can be relied on—one attraction whose splendour throws a shade at least of endurableness over a hundred uglinesses which are to be seen at a watering place—the "deep blue sea" never changes. So at least we imagined, and, in blissful innocence of almanacs and moon changes, we journeyed, picturing to ourselves, with growing happiness, the first sight of the mysterious element in all its glorious boundlessnes. It is proverbial that pleasurable anticipations are never realized in their fulness, but surely never were pleasant hopes so dismally broken. The sea was scarcely to be found. Far away, many hundred yards from the shore, was dimly visible a small, muddy, greyish water, bounded by a near horizon of grey mist or haze, and separated from the beach by successive layers of stones and mud. Surely Blackpool never exhibited such a miserable imposition. Southport might have been ashamed of it. The surface of the pool was unruffled, the quickest ear could discern nothing of that murmur which ought to greet it on waking in the morning. Not a breath of wind moved the water, or endangered the hats of hot and panting visitors, half burnt up as we were with the heat and glare of town. A breeze came at last—a mere breath—but, alas! it was not from the sea, but from the east—dry, hot, and scorching, with no taste of brine in its composition. We must not be understood to say that this description is ordinarily or even frequently true of Blackpool. Generally there is what is known as a "good sea," and often a sea breeze. At times the wind lashes up a high tide into a boiling, roaring, fury, and, with howling scorn, the waves join in marring such of man's handicraft as ventures to face them. But what we have written is unexaggeratedly true of the phenomena of the place on the Friday and Saturday of last week. On Sunday, a dark and gloomy sky was substituted for a glaringly bright one, and midwinter cold for midsummer heat. Then those visitors who came provided only with the very light garments suitable for one day, had a very unhappy time of it the next. The wind blew more strongly, but ever from the north and east. Instead of the fresh breath of the ocean, anxious inhalers were treated to a curious concoction of odours, in which a suspicion of cooking generally, and of ham and eggs particularly, was a prominent and invigorating element.

Coming to the place itself, we find that it consists chiefly of a very long line of houses, extending from the extreme end of South Shore, to the Gynn, at North Shore, a distance of several miles. There is a difference, real or supposed, between the social status of the two ends of this row; the south side (South Shore proper excepted) being thought rather plebeian, whilst the north professes to consider itself aristocratic. The principal part of the houses of North Shore are situated in a park, which envious commoners are forbidden to enter except on payment, and the house can be pointed out where a young nobleman and his lady have been residing. Behind are houses more thickly planted, especially about the route from the station. Here are the shops and markets, where edibles and other necessaries are bought and sold, and various bazaars where you may purchase at a not very cheap rate luxuries and ornaments of all kinds. Alterations on an extraordinary scale have been introduced in the front of the beach. It is proposed that an asphalted promenade should extend along the whole length of the place. No doubt these improvements will be very fine when completed, and some generation yet unborn may reap the full advantage therefrom. But the present appearance is that of utter confusion. There are two piers, one at the south, the other at the north end. The south pier is the more modern erection, and, though more brilliantly lighted, fails to attract many promenaders. Sunday is the day on which it is most patronised, for on that day steamers are allowed to embark passengers for trips, to the amazement and holy horror of the inhabitants of the more scrupulous and moral districts of the north. The other pier is, so to speak, the central point of the place. It is the great promenade. There friends who live apart assemble, be they lovers who are perfectly happy in each other, or "jolly dogs" who meet only to proceed to the nearest bar. There everybody who is anybody walks at certain times of the day, or rather of the evening. The great promenades of the week are on Saturday evening, and on Sunday after evening service. For at these times not only are the resident visitors present, but also those who from press of business or other considerations are only able to remain for what is popularly thought, though not very accurately called, a week end—that is, who come on Saturday afternoon and return on Monday or Tuesday morning. Chatting, flirting, or criticising, the thickly-crowded promenaders gently stroll in hot weather, and briskly walk if the air be keen. The elaborateness of male and female attire is fully worthy of a musical promenade at the Botanical Gardens, the only important difference being that here sand boots enjoy great popularity. At the end of the pier is the band. Watering places seem to be inevitably musical, so far at least as the number and variety of musical instruments are concerned. Barrel organs and concertinas of course visit Blackpool, but they are fewer, and consequently less seriously a nuisance than might have been expected. Very fine music of any sort it is perhaps unreasonable to expect. But there seems no satisfactory reason why the established bands of the place should always be unmitigatedly bad. We never heard even a passable band on the pier, but it would be hard to fancy that a worse quartett of instrumentalists ever blew than those who now perform there. The humblest and most unmusical of itinerant German bands would have no need to fear a comparison, either for sweetness of melody or breadth of harmony. The effect of their music is not merely not charming, it is wholly dismal and melancholy. Yet it is just to add that, if it be safe to judge by the persistent rapidity with which pecuniary stimulants are demanded, the performers themselves have the highest opinion of their own music and of the value of their labours. As night advances, and the crowd is thinned by the retirement of the more careful promenaders, a circle is formed round the band, and dancing is begun. Frantic couples trip it, to the admiration of those who can't dance, and the amusement of those who can; all which may be an attraction, and respectable, but at the same time seems to be an unfair interference with the privileges of Mrs. Turner's establishment.

There is so strong a family resemblance between the sands and their adornments at all watering places, that it is not difficult to form a fairly correct idea of what they are like at any particular place, even without seeing them. There is the usual collection of donkeys and ponies, with their drivers. The lives of sea-side quadrupeds must indeed be a burden to them. It is hard to watch the proceedings of their riders without a feeling of pity, and a hope that the well-meant efforts of the so far intelligent beasts to dislodge them may in the end be completely successful. Bathing vans—most awful instruments of torture—are thickly scattered about. For bathing is at all times popular, a fact which, considering the miseries endured in the process, speaks well for the determination of the bather. After a horrible jolting in the little damp box, rendered more terrible by a feeling of nervous fear lest the door should fly open at a critical period of undressing, he is left with water

barely up to his ankles, so that a proper plunge is altogether out of the question. After appearing in the water, his actions are watched by a diligent and somewhat loudly-critical band of spectators. If he be successful in gaining the right van, he is again subjected to the frightful shaking, whilst he is endeavouring to dry himself with towels gifted with about the same capacity for absorbing moisture as a brick. The end of all is a damp skin, hair full of sand, cold feet, and a headache. Rowing boats are also scattered about, and in calm weather do a brisk business, in the transaction of one part of which their sailor owners clearly show that the ingenuous innocence popularly ascribed to them has been replaced by a rapacious greed of which they ought to be deemed incapable. Small yachts are tempted out by favourable winds, by means of which day visitors are made sick and disgusted with life for a very small consideration. There are, besides, three or four steamers lying about, generally, we believe, superannuated tugs, which having become, by reason of old age and feebleness, unsuited for hard work, are transferred to lighter tasks, and divide their attention between hour trips and short excursions to the neighbouring sea-side resorts.

The hotels of the place have also social distinctions. From the Imperial, imposing from its size and position, to the more humble Foxhall, each has its peculiar class of visitors and its own habits and character. Some are quiet and staid, the favourite abodes of ladies and old gentlemen, whilst some are distinguished for their fastness. Few ladies stay at these latter places. But, on the other hand, they are immensely popular with the great majority of young men who stay from Saturday till Monday—their idea of sea-side enjoyment apparently being to drink as much and stay up as late as possible. If to these elements of enjoyment can be added a violent flirtation with the bar-maids, nothing is wanting to their perfect enjoyment. Though they are compelled to spend the morning in trying to recover from the effects of the evening's dissipation, and though they return in a considerably less healthful state than when they left town, it is always dwelt on as a jolly time, and talked of with much boasting. Mixed with these, as constant frequenters of bar-rooms and great authorities threin, are one or two gentlemen who appear to reside for the most part in Blackpool, and are apparently in a constant state of inebriation. This set includes all professions, from a captain (of a three-ton yacht, it is thought) to a disrobed clergyman. There is little to be said in the matter of lodging-houses, for these establishments are the same all the world over. Strange to say, a considerable proportion of the lodging-house proprietors are Welsh.

Amongst the visitors should be particularized the excursionists, or, as they are called with a shade of contempt by the natives, "the cheap trippers." They arrive at some mysterious hour in the morning. How they come so early is a question only to be solved by the railway company. It is not possible to look out at any hour in the morning without seeing crowds of them, all bearing the familiar bag and bottle. Though in a few hours they have an infinite variety of matters to undertake, including a bathe, a donkey or pony ride, a walk on the pier, and visits to their favourite public houses, they never seem exactly to know what they should do next. A favourite resort with them is Uncle Tom's Cabin, an establishment on the cliffs at the north end, where dancing, swinging, and imbibing go on furiously all day. At this spot they may be found at any time after half-past six in the morning, and thither they may be seen walking or driving till the night is far advanced.

Of course there is no doing away with the fact that Blackpool has one grand feature of which it cannot be deprived. Yet the whole place savours painfully of town. Newspapers are hawked about as early as in the suburbs of the city; and you can indulge in the excitement of the drama, and see "England's eminent tragedian," Mr. Pitney Weston, in some of his modest and gentle performances. The place is unhappily becoming more and more the resort of those who go for what is vulgarly called a "spree," and we have an impression that Blackpool kills fully as often as it cures, and does harm in quite as many cases as it produces any beneficial effects.

CON. FOR COLENSO.—When was Adam reduced to fractions?—When he named all the beasts of the field, and so became a common denominator.

MR. CAWLEY, M.P., AND THE RIVER IRWELL.

THE somewhat precipitate personal plunge into the seething horrors of the Irwell made by a deputation of the Salford Corporation, and others, on Saturday last, was perhaps one of the most unceremonious visits of ceremony ever paid to that ugly gutter of a thousand homicides. The occasion, as everybody knows, was the opening of a little bridge across the limpid Irwell, from Broughton to the opposite bank, so that a readier access to Peel Park could be obtained. The thing, which, by the way, had taken ten years to accomplish itself, had to be dedicated to the public, of course. It seemed desirable to somebody that an affair of this magnitude, which, spread over ten years, represents the accumulation of a couple of pounds a week (less compound interest), deserved to be publicly solemnized with the trowel, so dear to all of us, and with illuminated vellum and premeditated municipal palaver. We don't say that ceremonials are not good things, and nice things, in their way, when you are able to celebrate anything particularly worth mentioning. It is the grotesque and stupendous disparity between the work crying aloud to be done and the trifles which contrive to get themselves actually accomplished, that make the public impatient of these preposterous *Te Deums* with trowel accompaniments.

Well, notwithstanding the warmth of the afternoon (the papers say it was a hundred and thirty—something), and sunstroke was the most natural thing in the world, a good many people went to see and hear, and be sun-struck, in Lower Broughton last Saturday. There was the Mayor of Salford and some of his colleagues there, with other useful and ornamental persons, not forgetting the omnipresent stenographer, perched on a ricketty platform, cunningly planned so that the authorities could, if it were so ordained, drop prettily into the black malaria below, and thus get a taste of its quality. The most sanguine expectations of the practical and jocular carpenter who devised this little castle in the air were more than realized. In point of fact, the stage collapsed, and, after a somersault or two, "the strength of the company" were roaring and sputtering for their lives in the puddle below. Luckily, everybody was—as they say in Charter Street—"baled" out; no bones were broken, and, barring that some of the ceremony-makers looked unpleasantly like a barrowful of clay tilted on to a board and ready for the brickmaker, everything, but the dignity of the occasion (and there wasn't much of that to begin with), was as well as could be expected.

Is it entirely wrong to ask the distinguished sufferers of Saturday last how the Irwell smells—when you're in it—when the thermometer is a hundred and thirty odd? We *know* how it smells in its cooler moments. We are told that in the crisis of imminent personal peril, the events and the errors of a lifetime flash before the mind with preternatural rapidity. Were any crimes or shortcomings in the matter of the public health remembered in the mud on Saturday? What did that venerated official, the Mayor of Salford, think about it? Did he register gasping and passionately virtuous resolves? Did he, like those Portuguese mariners in a storm, "Vow several pounds of candles to the Saints"—in the calendar of sanitary science? In other words, did he make up his mind to become a "Rivers Pollution Commissioner" on his own account, and the account of the corporation for which he was the vicarious martyr? They say that "a good man struggling with adversity is a spectacle for the gods." To what high creatures must the sight of the Mayor of Salford, with his nose in the Irwell, afford matter for bacchanalian satisfaction? Such is the depravity of persons who bother their heads about the prevailing death rate, that we fear that many of our fellow citizens who have smelt the "witches cauldron" we call a river for many changing years, and just managed to escape asphyxia, would privately rejoice to learn from the newspapers on Monday, that in the matter of an infernal smell, His Worship had (as the boxers have it) "got one for his nose." Now that Dr. Syson has literally had a finger in the pie, we may hear more on the subject of his favourite science.

We can scarcely regret the immersion at Broughton, if the Irwell Conservancy Committees will condescend to reveal to the public the fact and the circumstances of their existence. What are they doing, or what are they leaving undone? As the public is pretty well aware, the corporations of Manchester and Salford have been having little *conversaziones* about consulting the engineers as to the best means of

preventing any more such floods of the Irwell as took place ever so long ago (it has got to be a date for the almanacs by this time), and which, in addition to ravaging an incalculable amount of building property in the low-lying grounds of Lower Broughton, and making it more or less uninhabitable, went pretty near providing some difficult questions to solve for a coroner's jury. As good luck would have it, nobody happened to get drowned, and the question of a verdict of manslaughter against the authorities was happily postponed. This overflowing of the Irwell to the extent of being able to improvise a boat race from the Palatine Hotel to the Assize Courts, was seen really to have its little inconveniences, and our couple of corporations did really evince some small faculty of wakefulness on that occasion. There appeared, indeed, such a probability of some real action being taken in the matter that the practical men, the civil engineers and others, began seriously to discuss how the thing could be done. During the interval that has elapsed since "the flood," we understand that plans have been prepared and elaborate estimates considered by some of the ablest men in the engineering profession. Indeed, there is no end to the plans submitted to the public and to the authorities, and everybody wonders that the business of selection is always beginning, and never begun. There is Hawksley's plan, and Bateman's plan, and Cawley's, and William Lang's, and James Fletcher's, and George Lowry's, and Joseph Corbett's. The whole engineering world is perturbed about the matter; the general public want to see something done; but, for anything we can see distinctly to the contrary, the corporations are gazing "with calm eternal eyes" into everlasting nothingness.

To be sure there was a hint or two vouchsafed to the public in connection with a recent meeting of the Salford Council, from which it is possible to deduce one or two more or less satisfactory conclusions. At the meeting we speak of, a report was submitted from the "Irwell Conservancy Committee," stating that an interview had been had with the Manchester Committee, in reference to Mr. Bateman's plans for the prevention of floods in the Irwell, and that Manchester wants to know if, when the proportionate rate of cost to each corporation and the property owners claims is settled, will Salford agree to accept Mr. Bateman's plan. Salford could not pledge itself, but was willing to talk the matter over. It was agreed to meet Mr. Bateman. Unluckily the Chairman of the Salford Conservancy Committee (himself a competitor for the work) could not conveniently meet Mr. Bateman when he came, and one can very well believe that the Salford folk, as they themselves expressed it, "felt themselves at a disadvantage in discussing purely scientific details with Mr. Bateman." Naturally so, if the Salford Committee contains only one person competent to discuss the question. It is queer enough, of course, that that only man happens to be a candidate for the execution of the work. The Committee's Report, after lamenting their own incompetence and the absence of their Chairman, proceeds to make a somewhat embarrassing confession. It seems that "there were important differences in the data on which Mr. Hawksley and Mr. Cawley and Mr. Bateman rely in determining the volume of the flood in 1866;" and it was finally left for Messrs. Bateman and Cawley to confer together to get the facts of such data from the people who had prepared the same. The committee think that they can soon get at the real *facts*, and hope that the two corporations will agree as to a plan for avoidance of future floods, cost, and the rest. This looks rather like a good substantial case of muddle. If we are to believe the Salford Committee, some of the most essential *facts* have yet to be ascertained. There are "*important* differences in the data" on which engineers have been relying in the construction of their plans. Does this defective, or contradictory data, which one would suppose must vitiate the calculations on which the plans are framed, extend to the plans of the other engineers we have mentioned? Who is responsible? What does it all mean? Again, "important differences in the data" of the whole question exist, and the actual facts have to be ascertained. By whom? Why, the Chairman of the Salford Sub-Committee, who submits two of the plans, and Mr. Bateman, the nominee of the Manchester Committee, between whom "important differences" about data exist? The whole thing has got into a state of pitiable confusion, and indeed is not absolutely free from a suspicion of "diplomacy." The Salford Corporation has had its little eccentricities of late in its dealings with the interests of the ratepayers, and—"such accidents will happen."

Again. Has it occurred to Mr. Cawley that, as Chairman of the Salford Floods Conservancy Committee, he will be adjudicating on his own plan? The judgment would be given with immaculate fairness, of course, but is it not usual to pay some little deference to popular usage in these matters? At present, so far as we can see, the entire work has been relegated to himself and Mr. Bateman, and, unless other plans are to be received as well as theirs, it would be a superhuman exercise of self-denial on Mr. Cawley's part to vote for the plan of his friend and rival Bateman. It would remind one of the antique virtue which it is so easy to praise and so difficult to imitate. Mr. Cawley's position would not be mended if, as undoubtedly ought to be the case, the engineers whom we have already mentioned were admitted to a fair and open competition. The spectacle of Mr. Cawley, in the character of chairman, charging the municipal jury in his own behalf would not be agreeable to contemplate. An experiment not distantly resembling this was lately made by an eminent and particularly able alderman of the Manchester Council. He was chairman of a committee which decided on what was practically his own contract, and we doubt if anybody in the city besides the eminent and particularly able individual himself highly praised the decency of the proceeding.

The truth is that this engineering business has got into a formidable and dangerous cobweb, from which it can only with difficulty be extricated. The public have an interest in this matter as well as opulent engineers and corporation officials. They want the work done thoroughly and wisely and decently, and they simply abhor the very shadow of jobbery. They are not without apprehension that this horrible Irwell has some mysteriously immoral contagion about it, mortal enough to kill the character of a corporation. It is badly wounded by it already. Everybody could be saved from danger in a wonderfully simple way. Let the competition for the work be open. Let all the plans offered be submitted to a committee consisting of an equal number of men chosen from the two corporations. Let this tribunal be aided in its judgment by competent scientific and engineering advisers *who have no interest in the execution of the work*. That is a plan that the public would approve. It would redound to the credit of our municipal bodies, and would put an end to the scandal into which the question is gravitating, as well as the scandal of being liable to be drowned in the nastiest river in Europe.

YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE.

THE Ithuriel spear of scrutiny which, during the last few years, has touched successively railway companies, finance companies and banks, has at length, in travelling along the disc of roguery, stopped suddenly at life insurance companies, and here we believe it will have a long pause. The Albert has gone, and the Albert will be followed by others.

Those who know anything of life insurance insist, that with many of these pitfalls it is only a question of time, whilst those who have no actuarial knowledge, but who simply exercise their common sense and observation, feel that the murrain amongst these companies will be very severe. The results in many social circles, not simply in the three kingdoms, but throughout British dependencies, and even in foreign countries, must be appalling. There will not only be much money sacrificed, but there will be so much patience and self denial knocked on the head that the careless man and the squanderer, who sold or sacrificed his insurance policy, will appear the wiser of the two. A great blow will have been given to a system of prudent investment which has hitherto always appeared, as a rule, to be beyond the chances and changes of the ordinary investing category; and the men who are ever foremost in advocating government surveillance in these matters will have now considerable reinforcements of plausible arguments on their side. Mr. Cave's bill anent insurance companies ought to have been passed during the last session of parliament, but the Irish Church and the illness of the right hon. gentleman stopped the way. Perhaps the revelations in the Albert case (if there be any—about which there appears some doubt) may help Mr. Cave to make his bill still more effective, and we had almost written more punitive, too.

The highly respectable managers and directors who have brought so much misery upon their fellows, will, of course, go unpunished. Vice-Chancellors and Chief Clerks will make it easy for these people to screen

themselves behind plausible commonplaces, and to repeat "When the wicked man, &c." in church on Sundays. The directors and managers will also attend dinner parties, and their faces will shine with wine and wit, and their sons and their daughters—portioned and dowered by the proceeds of amalgamations—will steer along under silken sails; whilst their victims—many of them nearing their end—will behold the provision made for their little ones furnishing a home at Brighton, or a villa at Surbiton, for the rascals who have beguiled them of their premiums. If habitual criminals, or returned convicts, or the ordinary Bill Sykes tribe did these things, we should have more patience to write about them. But the devil's gambols of life insurance managers are far beyond the Bill Sykes form. Mr. Sykes would rush too much at his work; he would require to risk something—to risk amongst other things the integrity of his eyes and his nose, and his interesting brains. These insurance fellows reduce their risk to a minimum to begin with, and they know that they *need scarcely ever be brought personally to book by any individual policy holder*. The wideness of the area of the sufferers blunts their sensibilities, and they regard the sufferers as if visited by Providence in a wholesale manner. The public, as a rule, are very supine in these matters. They in their turn look at a list of directors and officers, and reflect that the mischief done has been done corporately, and that it would be hard to make one man answerable especially. Yet there is generally one man, pretty well-known, who has done the leading part in the villainy, and who has pocketted the most money, and generally the son or other near kinsman of that man is made liquidator of the company.

The roguery of these managers and directors is the most deliberate that can be imagined. The impartial actuary, who is master of his science, can tell with the utmost precision when a company is going to the bad, or whether it is a good bargain to take over another insurance society or not. The plea of want of knowledge, therefore—of having acted for the best—on the part of the managers, is simply a lying pretence. They know that every premium they take, after it is clear that the company is going wrong, is as much a robbery as if they went forth upon the highroad and bade the passengers stand and deliver. That there are men deliberately carrying on this game, at this moment, is as well known to the initiated as their alphabets, and yet such is the protecting ægis which the law throws at present over such men, that the detectives dare not detect, and the handcuffs of the policeman must perforce remain quiescent. Such is the gullibility and supineness of the public that, notwithstanding all the calamities and reverses of the last few years, perhaps more money has been earned by men who have made life insurance swindles their especial study, than in any other branch of public plunder. The people would stand aghast if the list of individual gains were published.

It is a perilous thing for a journalist to lift up the finger of warning against life insurance, partly because the system itself, in the hands of upright men, is so salutary, and partly because there is unquestionably a list of companies in which the people might reasonably confide. But still we say "beware." Let it be the first business of every one whose little ones, in the event of his death, would have only his life policy to look to, to examine into that policy for himself. If he cannot do so by himself, let him join with others who are in a similar fix. Let no false delicacy turn him aside. If the response from the office be evasive—as in many cases it will be—let him return to the charge until the verminous falsehood be exposed. And, above all things, let him beware of new companies, professedly started to enable people to make no mistake as to their security. A new set of harpies will be created by the present panic, and, in the name of custodians of our interest, they will rob us worse than the first.

It may seem a very rash thing to say, that until government has a firmer grip upon the proceedings of these life companies than it has at present, no one ought to be allowed to solicit his neighbour to insure, but surely recent experiences abundantly warrant such a procedure. If we could avail ourselves of Lynch law—of tar and feathers, or rail-riding—the solicitations of philanthropic insurance agents might be tolerated; but as long as we have only Vice-Chancellors and Chief Clerks and *The Times* newspaper as our safeguards, we, at all events, have no hesitation in saying to our readers—keep your premiums in your stockings, and make a sinking fund for yourselves.

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

DONE, VERY FREELY, INTO ENGLISH.

[*On sending some Epigrams to a Friend while it was raining.*]

I'll send the book this very hour:
The boy shall take it through the shower:
Some of the poems may get spotted—
'Twere not amiss the whole were blotted.

[*On a Usurer not up to his business.*]

Simon lends cash: he should be rich.
"How comes it he's so poor?"
Stone-blind. No eye for which is which.
In love, too. Would you more?

[*A sarcastic offer to a Plagiarist who was in the habit of reciting the Poet's Epigrams as his own, though he hadn't even bought them.*]

You're a thief, sir, so to quote 'em:
Buy a copy—then they're thine;
Or be bribed to say I wrote 'em;—
Here's a copy if they're mine.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MR. FECHTER.

FOUR or five years ago, Mr. Fechter, then manager of the Lyceum, produced a play called the *Watch Cry*, with a scenic elaboration that rivalled the great revivals of Macready and Kean. It was probably the dullest piece ever performed amidst surroundings so splendid. More remarkable, however, than the dulness and the splendour was the fact that Mr. Fechter sustained in the piece a part that was little more than dumb show, and which he would have been justified in refusing if offered him by any other manager. The whole business was inexplicable. The public yawned over the play: the critics were non-plussed at such a choice; and the only result was to give one more illustration of the unwisdom of theatrical managers. Well, here is Mr. Fechter on his first visit to Manchester, staking a reputation which he has yet to justify upon a drama, not perhaps so dull as the *Watch Cry*—that would be hard to find—but in which he has to enact a part quite as insignificant, and wholly unsuited to the display of his peculiar powers. As *Black and White* is partly his own composition, we suppose its production is due to an author's proverbial partiality for his own writings; but as Manchester wants to ascertain Mr. Fechter's calibre as an actor, and doesn't much care for him as a dramatist, the experiment has met the fate which it deserved—a beggarly array of empty benches. On Saturday evening last, the pit was only half filled, there were perhaps a score of people in the stalls and dress circle, and the upper circle, so far as we could see, had not a single occupant. Mr. Fechter played the little he had to do with care, and neatness, and artistic truth, but then what he had to do was not worth doing at all, and, with the exception of a scene that lasted about a minute, there was not a bit of power or a flash of genius from beginning to end.

LANCASHIRE AND THE BOAT RACE.

Of the five men who formed the Oxford crew in the contest with Harvard, last week, two are natives of Lancashire. Mr. Darbishire (Balliol) is a son of Mr. S. D. Darbishire, solicitor, Manchester; and Mr. J. E. Tinné (University) is a son of Mr. J. A. Tinné, of Liverpool, and a brother of the indefatigable lady explorer, Miss Tinné, who was recently murdered in Africa.

AN INNOVATION AMONG THE INDEPENDENTS.

On Sunday last, a liturgical form of service was used for the first time by the congregation of the Independent Chapel, Cheetham Hill. From a sermon preached on the preceding Sunday by the Rev. G. W. Conder, the minister, we gather that the change was "sanctioned with a great deal of unanimity," but he further informs us that "there are some who have so strong an antipathy" to it "that they will not listen to a word of reason, or deign to give it a trial." It is intimated that these opponents are likely to withdraw from the congregation. We do not know whether the Liturgy of the Church of England has been adopted in its entirety, but it is at least to form the basis, for, says Mr. Conder,

"in place of the words we have been accustomed to use in those prayers which we call intercessory, which are the same in subject always, which cannot be varied in their utterance through the limitation of the power of language, and which do actually vary only in consequence of the imperfect memory of him who utters them, we shall be using other words; words in great part the same as some millions of our fellow-citizens all over the British Empire will be using at the same time with ourselves." "Along with the use of these words," he adds, another slight, but yet not unimportant change will be made—a change whose desirableness has been very widely felt and urged amongst Nonconformists for many years past." The congregation will be afforded the opportunity of joining "in the prayers of the church, as" they "have long been wont to do in its strains of praise." A few sentences in each of the services which are of the nature of prayer, and a few only, the congregation will be asked to sing. The results and influence of Mr. Conder's innovation will be watched with interest, both by Churchmen and Congregationalists. Like the change—now and for some time past in progress—from plain brick "meeting houses" to chapels that vie with churches in architectural beauty and artistic adornment, the adoption of the Liturgy, if it should become at all general, will indicate one more approach towards that union of Protestant churches which for years has inspired the efforts of Maurice, and Stanley, and others of their "school."

THE CITY COUNCIL AND THE CABMAN.

It says very little either for the way in which business is transacted by our local governors, or for the judgment of the public on their action, that a fellow has nothing to do but get up a cock-and-bull story against their management to be instantly believed. An incorrigible cabman, after being fined at least a score of times for various offences, is at length deprived of his license to imperil the convenience and safety of the street. He transforms himself into a Writer to the Papers. In his new capacity, he gets hold of the poor public by its poor old nose, which has been got hold of so often before that it is quite used to and rather likes the sensation, and leads it whithersoever he wills. The public, always ready to credit the idea that its authorities are not possessed of a single particle of common sense—which doesn't say much for its own judgment in electing them—immediately falls a victim at the blucher boots of this Writer to the Papers. Now, do the members of the council quite deserve this treatment? We are not disposed to credit them with superhuman virtue, but we certainly feel inclined to trust them in preference to a member of a class of men who can't say what the fare from one place to another is without telling a lie about it. It was quite right of the *Examiner* to insert the cabman's appeal, for most flagrant cases of injustice do sometimes get perpetrated; but adverse comments on the conduct of the Hackney Coach Committee might surely have been withheld, until they had an opportunity of giving their version of the matter. It turns out, however, that they *are* to blame—for not depriving the fellow of his license a great deal sooner than they did.

PASSENGER AND GUARD.

In a recent number of the *Illustrated London News*, there is an interesting little account of how some ladies, who were seated in the same compartment as the contributor, wanted their gentleman to stop "a quarter of a mile of flying carriages" (because they had got into the wrong train) by making use of the newly-erected communication between passenger and guard. It is curious how women have got their reputation for modesty and consideration of others. The forwardness, the carelessness of everybody but themselves, "not to put too fine a point upon it," the cheek of many of them, is beyond exaggeration. But this is just what might have been expected. We should not wonder if the innumerable improper uses to which the mechanism is certain to be put, ultimately make it systematically disregarded and practically useless. The remedy is pointed out by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The guard should have a means of access to every carriage while the train is in motion. There is no reason why he should not. Any sort of espionage is repulsive to the English mind, but we are very proud of a good many fine old English prejudices which have little enough to recommend them. Amongst these may be numbered the right of being swindled by card-sharpers, assaulted, robbed, or made the victim of false charges, on a railway journey. The sooner these four fine old English prejudices are knocked on the head, the better.

ON THE THAMES.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27TH, 1869.

LITERALLY on the Thames, for we had struggled our way through the crowd—the crowd which seemed to have left all London empty—to one of the many barges which lay moored along the bank, between Barnes railway bridge and the winning-post. "Eighteen pence, gen'l'men, on'y eighteen pence, and a clear view of the race." A little further up they were asking five shillings, so we closed with the offer, and jumped on board. As to the "clear view," it seemed doubtful, for other barges lay on this side and on that, loaded with human beings, like so many high black piers jutting out into the water, and intercepting one another's line of sight. "I'll push out directly, gen'l'men," said our skipper. We trusted, without cause for trust, and waited in hope. Meanwhile the skipper hailed the crowd unceasingly, and gradually increased his stock of eighteen pences. Knowing-looking boating men in pea-jackets, straw hats, and no end of club buttons; spurious imitations, who talked loudly, offered any odds on "Hoxford," and smoked bad cigars; larky young clerks from the City, up to anything and everything, and full of enjoyment and chaff; staid old gentlemen in white waistcoats and much dignity; curates, turned once more into Oxford or Cambridge undergraduates for this one afternoon, and fairly dancing up and down the deck with excitement; young ladies (bless them! we beg their pardon for not mentioning them first) with lots of dark blue ribbon about their dresses, and betting any number of gloves on "dear Oxford"—such were our fellow barge-mates. There was a hole in the deck, a hatchway, we believe, is the proper term, through which the skipper's wife descended into the hold, and from whence she brought up to daylight not only herself, but pewters full of beer, for the benefit of the boating men and clerks. She was one of Pharoah's fat kine, and enlarged herself still further with crinoline, so that her descent on each occasion was somewhat like the shutting up of a large cauliflower in a small basket; body went first, and skirts afterwards. It was a broilingly hot afternoon; the clerks were thirsty; and Mrs. Skipper had no easy time of it.

After half-an-hour or so, we and our barge were pushed out from the bank, driving before our great square bows a number of little boats, to the loudly expressed displeasure of the occupants thereof, and slowly drifting into line with some other barges, about thirty feet from shore. Here we had a "clear view." No doubt about it! The railway bridge lay about one hundred yards to our right, the parapets crowded with heads, and through the arches we could see the long sweep of the river towards Hammersmith; the Middlesex side being kept clear by several police-boats which went backwards and forwards, and intercepted unwary transgressors; while on our own, the Surrey side, was one continuous mass of boats and barges, one dense crowd of human beings, rising from the boats to the barges, from the barges to the bank, from the bank to the double and treble row of carriages, and from the carriages to the gardens and houses at the back. Every balcony, every window, the very roofs and chimneys were alive with spectators. Flags of all nations, especially the union jack and stars and stripes, fluttered from barge mast-head, and from every place where flagstaff could be erected. Rosettes and ribbons, in every shade of blue, decorated coats, dresses, whips, harness, anything and every thing to which ribbon could be tied. There were Harvard favours too, but, comparatively few and far between. Pink, scarlet, magenta, crimson—it was just as in the case of the blue, any shade of red appeared to satisfy the transatlantic backer.

Sometimes the eye lighted on a group of Americans, excited, and gazing down the river, through their opera glasses, in anxious impatience. Some unmistakable cockneys, also, had mounted the unpopular colours through a mistaken, not to say snobbish, attempt at the conspicuous. Noisy bursts of sympathy with our gallant opponents, came at divers places and intervals from Irish voices. "Niver moind the race, bedad, them Americans is the boys, afther all;" was the verdict of one female Paddy, as we drove back through Putney. But, with these exceptions, London was Oxford, and Oxford London, and we could almost have wished for a thousand New Englanders or so to have been suddenly brought over, in order to create a good opposition. Unanimity of feeling was too unanimous. It seemed impossible for Oxford to lose, with such a legion of backers, and though no Englishman, save the few cockneys above mentioned, could turn American on such an occasion, yet many an Englishman, we speak from our own feelings, would fain have Americanized half his neighbours. Boat against boat, man against man, sympathy against equal sympathy—alas! English voices could not but cheer English champions—but had the Harvard men mustered up courage sufficient to face the crowd again, and pulled back, after the race, to Putney, they would have heard even louder shouts than those which greeted their victorious rivals a-head. It was a great disappointment to every one that they avoided observation, and, so it is said, took refuge in a steamer. At any rate we saw them no more after their defeat.

We are anticipating, so to return to 4-30 p.m., the time when our barge took up its station on the Thames. Alas! that station was objected to by the occupants of other barges behind. There was much noise, some stiff language, a good deal of chaff, and, at last, a wordy row, in which the beer-drinking clerks played a conspicuous part, offering any amount of money for a knife wherewith to cut the cable of an obnoxious barge which was moored still further out in the stream than our own vessel, and receiving threats of summary "punchings" from the wrathful owners. The poor little boats below came off the worst. They were knocked about by the big barges in merciless style, and one very stout roll of flannel, with two very pretty damsels under his care, got into such difficulties amidst cables and shifting barges that, for the moment, all eyes were concentrated upon him, and his red face fairly glowed again with nervous agony. However, it was "give and take kindly," after all, and every body and every boat, big and little, had settled into some good corner or other before the great event came off.

False alarms! Cheers for a four-oar, which immediately took shelter amidst the boats stationary. Taking out of watches, and peering through glasses! Movement amongst the crowd down the river! "Here they are!" "No, they aint." "I tell you they are." "Tell you they aint. It's a police boat." Stir behind our barge. Prince Teck and the Princess Mary in an open carriage. Vain endeavour of bobbies to force a passage for them. Like sensible beings, they (the Prince and Princess, not the bobbies) remain where they are. Temporary excitement, and much gazing. Then all eyes on the river again!

At last a not to be mistaken, increasing and increasing still, nearer and yet nearer, movement and roar along the bank! "Hats off there!" "Here they are!" "Oxford in front!" "Oxford wins!" "Hurrah!" "Now for a shout, boys!" Shout!—we should just think we did! But there was no time to think what we were doing.

Now, dear reader, you have probably looked at accounts of the race in the London daily papers. You know the number of seconds, by Benson's chronograph, in which the race was rowed, the exact number of inches, not to speak of lengths, whereby Oxford won, and all the rest. Take the simple statement of an *unprofessional* eye-witness. The reporters of the *Times*, *Standard*, and Co., were in a steamer, a few yards behind the rival boats, the whole way from Putney to Mortlake; we simply saw the contest for a few moments. Those few moments showed us the Oxford four pulling as one man, and that man not in the least distressed—pulling with long steady stroke—a stroke which *bit* the water from first to last, a stroke which sent the boat along easily and smoothly, with neither splash nor jerk, a stroke which, it seemed to us, and not to us alone, might even have been quickened without exhausting the rowers; while, full two lengths behind, came the gallant Americans, pulling—we quote a phrase made use of by a gentleman at our side—pulling like "wild Indians." Everybody knows how gallantly they led from the start until half-way between Hammersmith Bridge and Barnes. Everybody knows what a gallant race they made of it for the first two miles. We saw them within a few hundred yards of the winning-post, and here, if ever men were beaten, and knew that they were beaten, and struggled on wildly against fate and defeat, it was the Harvard crew of 1869. Style and form had vanished. Their oars struck the water with a splash. It was a stroke which ended almost as soon as it began—at least, in comparison with that of the boat ahead—a salt water stroke, a stroke which sent their boat on by convulsive jerks, a stroke which had exhausted them already, and was evidently exhausting them more and more. Their *arms* pulled, not their bodies. All praise to their pluck, their noble perseverance, their indomitable endurance, but they *could* not have won, and flesh and blood could not have kept up much longer the fearful strain to which they were subjected. Report said at the time, and afterwards, that their coxswain was splashing water into stroke's face to revive him. It may have been so; we did not notice it. Report says also that a small boat got in Oxford's way, and diminished the winning distance by a length or so. This also we did not notice; but of one thing we are certain, that nothing short of a positive mishap could have kept the English boat from winning.

We have no space wherein to relate the scene of frantic excitement which ensued; the thousands of small boats which burst from restraint and covered the Thames; the return of the Oxford boat amidst triumphant cheers; the movement homewards (and beer-wards also); our own snail-like retrogression, amidst a long line of vehicles, of every shape and size; the heat; the dust; there!—that's enough—but didn't we enjoy our dinner afterwards!

BILLIARDS IN MANCHESTER.

IT has of late become usual on the opening of a new billiard room to dedicate it to the public by a match, or series of matches, between professional billiard players of well-known ability. On Monday last we were present at a match of this description, between the eminent player John Roberts and his son, on the occasion of the opening of a new room in John Dalton Street, called the Albert Billiard Hall. Why Albert? we asked. It surely could not be that the Albert Club had established a "city branch" for the accommodation of its members in the intervals of yarn-speculating or print-buying. And we believe there was no recognized connection between the Board of Green Cloth and the late Prince Consort. Why there it is! The difficulty is solved—*ambulando* as it were. One end of John Dalton Street comes to Albert Square, and this haunt of the cues is at the other end. It's as plain as the engraved view of the Albert Monument, which Alderman Goadsby the Second, with that eminent good taste which marks all he does, has adopted as the trade-mark of Goadsby and Co.

On entering the hall, we found ourselves in an airy, lofty room, of the same shape as that which our ironmonger called a L boiler. A new table had been fitted up by the makers, Messrs. Bailie and Swallow, of Deansgate, "expressly for this occasion." So our invitation said; but, as there was none before, this match being the first time of playing the game in the room, we failed to perceive the startling novelty that was evidently intended for us. It is difficult to conceive of billiards without a table of some sort, and, although Dr. Johnson called it "a game with balls and sticks," it is evident that he knew as little of billiards as most billiard players know of him. A very respectable audience, if we may so term the gathering, assembled soon after the time named for the entertainment, and were provided with seats. Play was commenced at five minutes to eight o'clock, by Mr. Roberts, jun., who received 200 points in 1,000, giving a miss into baulk, after which Mr. Roberts *père*, in three breaks, the last one of 63, had 95 called for his score. His old deadly weapon, the "spot stroke," was several times called into use, the red being generally holed "six on one side to half-a-dozen of the other" corner pocket, that little performance of itself adding 36 to the player's score. At eleven o'clock Mr. Roberts marked 717 to his son's 817, and after that gained rapidly on him, and was soon 948 to the youngster's 856. The latter made play again, and passed 900 shortly after his father, but never overtook him, and, when Mr. Roberts scored 1,000 and game, his opponent could only count 940. It being now close upon the witching hour of night, we just managed to Star one at a neighbouring hostelry, and then home.

We never saw Mr. Roberts in better "cue"—shall we say?—than on Tuesday. He played with great verve and force; exhibiting also a degree of ease and even elegance of play which we do not remember to have seen in him before. Mr. Roberts, junr., whom we had not previously met, seems likely to prove a serious rival to his father before long, for what he lacks in some natural qualifications for the highest rank, he makes up in perseverance and consummate patience. His highest score at a break at this game was 95, but we understand he has lately made some very large scores. In a match which he lately played in Dublin, with W. Dufton, he scored 333, 256, and 117 severally at a break in a game of 1,000 up, which he scored in one hour and a quarter, giving 100 points to his opponent. Any one who has a desire to test his skill can easily have his wish gratified, as he and Mr. Cooke, another shining light in the billiard world, will be at the Albert Billiard Hall for some weeks to come, ready to hold their own against all comers.

Billiards, it is well known, come from Egypt, the sacred home of the Sphinx. Cleopatra, weary of Antony's absence, deserted minstrelsy and said to Charmian, "Come, let's to billiards!" and we need go no further than even the name of the Pyramids to recall the sight of the fifteen red balls, soon to become the property of the patient, observant player who can strike when there is a chance but who can also wait. Billiards in Manchester are played mostly either at the chief hotels in the city, or at the various suburban taverns. The "English" game is mostly in use, but the American visitors are often glad to have their turn with the American four-ball game, and the "continental" sighs after cannon game with the huge balls and the pocketless tables of his native land. Pool is the great resource of the gregarious player, as either two, or fifteen, or any intermediate number of players can join in one game, whilst the others are practically limited to two players. This game was, some few years since, to be seen in perfection at the Queen's, under the supremacy of "Peter," and it is now played in very good style at the Albion, where "George" himself occasionally does not disdain to take a ball, in conquering, to "divide." Michael, who is *not* related to the archangel, used to preside over the high table-land of the "Gloucester," but the access is difficult from Bohemia. The strata, we believe, will be found to be of the tertiary formation, with deposits of chalk, slate, and even gold.

We think from what we have seen of billiards in Manchester, that there is very little, if any, gambling in connection with the play, and that the game is played generally in very good style. To those of our readers who enjoy a game, we say—go where there is company, and where it is, outwardly at least, respectable; but when you find your opponent chalking his cue with a bit which he takes from his waistcoat pocket, take the hint and walk your chalks at the first opportunity. While to those who do not know the game we say, that of all others this is a case where "ignorance is bliss," and it is "folly" or worse "to be wise!"

MANCHESTER ARCHITECTURE.

I.—THE PAST.

IN Manchester proper, including of course Salford, there is a singular dearth of old buildings possessing any special, or even general, archæological interest. When we have enumerated a few old timbered houses, the Cathedral, and the Chetham Hospital, our store of archæological antiquities is exhausted. Manchester, as the name implies, was once a Roman town or station, but all traces of our Roman conquerors have been swept away, or else lie buried beneath our feet. No vestige of Saxon or Norman architecture can be pointed out, and if we may except one or two old houses of debatable date, our earliest building does not date back beyond the 15th century. Of middle-pointed or decorated work, as it is sometimes called, we have not a single specimen. Indeed, the only trace of this 13th century "feeling" we have come across is to be found in a church of the Renaissance period.

Taking our past architecture in the order of its age, we think the first place must be assigned to those quaint-looking houses which still hold their own in the Victoria Market-place and in Millgate. Here and there in other districts we find a stray house or two of the same class, but their family seats are in the neighbourhoods we have just mentioned. The exact date of all these we cannot severally determine, but they no doubt belong to the 14th and 15th centuries. As examples of the domestic architecture and, to some extent, habits of our forefathers, they are both useful and curious. In country places and in our suburbs, architects still copy their details. In an art point of view they are valuable for the lessons they teach us in freedom of design. They are symmetrically unsymmetrical; their lines never weary the eye. They are also speaking witnesses of the durability of English oak, and, being dead, their builders yet speak through the manifest honesty of their handiwork. Old Time seems to have come off the worst in his contest with them, and, finding that he was powerless against their stout-heartedness, to have taken them into partnership with his venerable self. True, hardly one of them but has been more or less modernized, but this vandalism has been a work of supererogation, and not on account of decay. Thus the Inn has had its first and second storeys thrown into one, thereby emasculating the old house, its "feeling," and its effect. Its relatives, too, in Millgate have had their window spaces enlarged and otherwise modernized besides being cut into for shop fronts. Very little carving is to be found on these houses, but the little is very bold and good. The Blackamoor's head on one of the houses in Millgate is full of character, and the corbel in another house a little lower down is equally well executed. A great number of houses of this class have been taken down, but many apparently modern buildings in Millgate quarter are only modern in appearance. Could their mask of stucco be stripped off, a fair sample of old Manchester would be exposed to view. We hope mercy will be shown to these relics of a bygone time.

Next in order of date, or perhaps coeval with most of these houses, are the Cathedral and the Chetham Hospital. Every trace of antiquity has been carefully chiselled out of our Minster, and what might have been a glorious fane has been reduced to the lowest level of ecclesiastical architecture—namely, "churchwarden."* While we regret the absence of any Decorated or Middle-pointed work among us, we feel that the stateliness of our Cathedral, had it been left unmutilated, would have more than recompensed us for its absence. Though lacking the grace of the geometrical, or the simplicity of the Early English school, the Perpendicular men were well able to hold their own, and, though their designs were somewhat stiff, they were none the less noble. The more we think on what might have been, the sadder and the more angry we get. One curious circumstance we must mention. Though it is a cathedral, and profusely decorated with sculpture, the Christian symbol, the Cross, is nowhere to be found among its ornaments. From the

* See the *Sphinx*, No. 45, June 19, 1869; Art: The Cathedral.

Cathedral to the Chetham Hospital is only a few steps. The Hospital is of later date than the Cathedral, and, as a specimen of late perpendicular work, is rather interesting. The dormitory arrangements are well worth inspecting, though the eye must pierce through a mass of modern additions before it can realize the original idea. The hand of the restorer has been busy here too, and, as might be expected, has done its usual amount of vulgar mischief.

We have mentioned that the only specimen of Decorated work we have met with was in a Renaissance church. We referred to the lower windows in St. John's Church, Deansgate. St. John's was built when art was at a very low ebb, and yet the tracery in these windows, and, indeed, the general tone of the whole building, has been copied from this 13th century work. Some of the glass in this church is very curious, so strangely do the excellencies of a higher art period mingle with the worst defects of the 18th century.

HOLIDAY NOTES.

COXWOLD AND LAURENCE STERNE. THE ABBEYS OF BYLAND AND RIEVAULX.

TWELVE months ago we were travelling by rail to Scarborough, when, some sixteen miles north of York, our eyes were attracted by the word "Coxwold," painted in black letters on a white ground—the legend designating one of the little stations we were passing. It came upon us unexpectedly, but the effect was electrical. Visions of the English Rabelais, of Uncle Toby, of Corporal Trim, and of the *Sentimental Journey*, rushed with quicker speed upon the brain than that of the train in which we were seated, and caused us to look out eagerly for a glimpse of the church where Yorick had preached, and of the village made famous by its association with the name of Sterne. We caught a glimpse, as we passed, of a rambling village street with quaint old houses, and of a church grey and venerable resting quietly on a green slope, with rich foliage of trees and green fields about it, the whole making up a picture of pastoral beauty that haunted us for many an after day. Henceforth this was a place to be visited whenever occasion should serve. Such an opportunity occurred recently. On a bright August day we found ourselves on the platform of the Coxwold Station, having alighted from the train that had brought us thither. We made our way at once to the village, which straggles along rising ground, and on each side of a broad street. "A sweet retirement" Sterne truthfully called it. A sleepy hollow, rich in warm colouring of red tiles and sweet green of fields and trees, a place where, save for the rush of trains past it, it seems always afternoon. It is situate in a rich valley lying on the near slopes of the Hambleton Hills, which stretch away above it in tracts of heathery moorland, broken by cliffs of grey limestone. "'Tis a land of plenty," writes Sterne. "I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and strawberries and cream, and all the simple plenty which a rich valley under Hambleton Hills can produce." The houses seem to remain pretty much as they were in Sterne's day, some of them quaint and many-gabled, and for the most part roofed with red tiles. Here and there is one with stone mullioned windows, with diamond leaded panes, and a grey old garden about it. In the centre of the street is a mighty elm, that casts its branches to the houses on each side, lending a noble shade and rest beneath its umbrageous foliage. One little inn there is, and into it we strayed, and found its kitchen occupied by one or two men, with great dogs lying on its sanded floor.

Having drank a cup of Malton ale, we asked our way to the sexton's, and were directed across the street, to a white-washed house with an inscription over its door in large old English characters, partly obliterated by repeated coats of white-wash, and which neither we nor the occupant could make out. A little beyond the elm, on the left, is the old church, a fine building in the perpendicular style, with embattled walls, from which project antique gurgoyles, and an embattled tower with an ancient vane. The door of the church by which we entered opened into the chancel, which is filled with monuments of the Belasyse and Faueonberg families. Here are knights and ladies lying or kneeling, some of them being excellent carvings in marble. But of more interest was the old pulpit from which Sterne was wont to astonish his village auditors with those queer sermons, full of brilliance of thought, and sparkling now and then with Shandean humour. In imagination we could fill the old high-backed oaken pews with their ancient occupants, and the pulpit with that tall eccentric figure leaning over it, the Shandean face, with its "nose shaped like the ace of spades," the mouth full of humour, the eyes twinkling, and the whole man "often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience." As Mr. Fitzgerald, in his *Life of Sterne*, says: "We may conceive the Rev. Laurence, one Sunday, gravely giving out his text from Ecclesiastes—'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting'—and then, while the congregation is settling itself to hear this wholesome counsel fortified, the Voltairean lips assume a curious smile, his eyes twinkle, and he starts at once with 'That I deny,' and goes on to ask, 'Do you think, my good Preacher, &c.'" In the little gallery at the west end is a small organ that, doubtless, accompanied the morning and evening service in Yorick's day. We ascended the belfry, and went out upon the leaded roof, from which is a pleasant view of the village and the valley about, with the old Abbey of Byland not far off. On the green slopes of Hambleton we could see the White Horse, carved in the limestone, a counterpart of that one in the south, of the scouring of which Tom Hughes has written the chronicle.

Descending and passing out of the church and along the road, at a little distance just outside the village, to the right, we come upon "Shandy Hall," which was once Sterne's Parsonage. It is a quaintly-gabled, red-tiled, brick-chimneyed building, long and low, with ivy and trees about it. From such glimpses of the interior as we could get through the open windows, the rooms seemed to be low ceiled and cozy. Here, at intervals, he wrote *Tristram Shandy*, shaping out the characters of Uncle Toby, the Widow Wadman, and Corporal Trim. From here he took his flight to London, to plunge into fashionable follies, where, as Garrick says, "He degenerated like an ill-transplanted shrub. The incense of the great spoiled his head, as their ragouts had done his stomach." From hence, too, he started on his famous Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. And here he returned after his dissipation, broken in health, finding in the quiet pastoral solitude a resting place after his wild Bohemian life. But only for a time. He owned he might have been happy here if he had not "what was worst of all, a disquieted heart to reason with." Writing to his friend Eugenius, he said, "I should be a marvellously happy man but for some reflections which bow down my spirits." He leaves it for the last time, and goes to London to die lonely and friendless in his lodging, with none but hirelings about him. Alas, poor Yorick! where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flushes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?

Musing upon many things we passed out of the village street, and, sauntering along a quiet lane towards the hills, we came before long upon the ruined walls of Byland Abbey. It was founded in 1177, by the famous Roger de Mowbray, a feudal baron, who has left his name in the pleasant vale that stretches away at the feet of these Hambleton Hills. Here, after many wars, wearied of the world, the old warrior, despoiled by Henry II., came to end his life and lay his bones in this monastic seclusion. The abbey belonged to the Cistercians, and is a beautiful fragmentary specimen of early English architecture. The ivy creeps about the ruined arches and fringes the windows, the tall grasses wave their pennons from the broken walls, and the cattle find pasture where once was the church's pavement. Rambling on some four miles further, we reached the beautiful little valley of the Rye, thickly wooded, with a little stream flowing through it, and the ruins of Rievaulx Abbey close by. Here, in 1131, there came certain monks from Clairvaux. Tutored by the good St. Bernard, and under the guidance of Abbot Aylred, they transformed a wild and barren moor into a beautiful and fertile spot, and erected one of the grandest monastic houses in England. The village is built from the stones of this abbey, and here and there might be seen a piece of carving, or a stone with an inscription on it, in the walls of a cottage. Quaint heads and gurgoyles ornament the blacksmith's shop, and rich mouldings are built into the wall fences. Round the abbey on all sides the hills are clothed with thick foliage. Seated in this abbey upon a great slab of stone that may be the tomb of Walter Espec, its founder, and regretting that such a beautiful structure should have been demolished, we thought of what Ruskin has said on the matter, "All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction; the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder, and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood—it is we who have left not one stone upon another, and restored it pathless to the desert; the great cathedrals of old religion would have stood—it is we who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain-grass bloom upon the pavement and the sea winds chaunt in the galleries."

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THE DUTY OF REST.

REST is as much a duty as work. It is one mark of the divine origin of the Ten Commandments that one of the first is devoted to the injunction of alternating *work* and *repose*—an obligation never conceived in its full scope by man in his natural state. The barbarian never of his own accord practices such alternation. With him it is either all repose or all work—the former if he be uncivilized, the latter if civilized.

The great victim of over-exertion, Sir Walter Scott, said one day to Captain Basil Hall: "How many hours can you work?" "Six," answered the Captain. "But can't you put on the spurs?" "If I do the horse won't go." "So much the better for you," said Scott, with a sigh. "When I put on the spurs the horse *will* go well enough. But it is *killing* the horse." And so it proved.

The whole duty of man in the country at this season is *enjoyment*. It is a high sin to take there a grain of our City care, an atom of our business atmosphere. Remember Tom Hood's recipe when "temples throb and pulses boil,"—just "take the midnight oil and pour it on a lobster salad."

MANCHESTER MEMOIRS.

PROFESSOR SCOTT.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE first time I saw Professor Scott, the first Principal of Owens College, and whose memory is still the greatest pride of that college, was in the Camp Field Library. The library had recently been opened, and had not settled down to the simple work of lending books. A public Free Library, designed for the use of all classes of the people, was then a new thing, and it was thought appropriate in introducing the people to the free use of a good library, to give them some hints in the shape of lectures, which might serve as a guide to readers in their selection of books. The principal of the neighbouring college was invited to deliver a lecture on "Poetry." I was present when that lecture was given in the lower room of the library, now always sacred to books and newspapers. I have a mental photograph of the Professor as he entered and made his way down the side of the crowded room, and as he afterwards stood up to speak. His figure was slim, and his black hair, as yet untouched with gray, fell over his brow. Of the lecture I remember nothing except one remark, which came from the speaker with great enthusiasm and force: "Poetry," he said, "is not to be found in books alone, such as are now made accessible in this library, but it springs up in, and lends a charm to, the common experience of life. The first sounds which fall upon the ears of a child, from the lips of a mother, are poetry." It was some years after this before I saw the Professor again. I next saw him at the inaugural meeting of the Manchester Working Men's College, which was held in the news room of the Mechanics' Institution. After the introductory speech of Mr. Oliver Heywood, who is never so happy as when he is associated with some genuine effort for the advancement of education, Professor Scott stood up to give an address. If a thoughtful, inspiring, inaugural could have made the college a success, then the college would have succeeded. To show what might be done by working men, he pointed to the example of David Livingstone, relating how David, when a poor factory lad, bent his mind to those severe studies which fitted him for the great labours he has since accomplished. He reminded those who proposed to join the college, that knowledge could not be put into the mind like corn is put into a sack, but it must enter into the texture of the mind before it becomes a real acquisition. A faithful few gathered round the logic teacher at the Working Men's College, and they were led on from the a b c of thought through the mysteries of Whately, Hamilton, and Boole, and at the same time charmed with the pure classical speech of the lecturer, and the not unfrequent touches of humour which played about the syllogisms. The last evening this working men's class had with the Professor was a memorable one. His hair and beard were now fast whitening. He spoke of his strong wish to go on with the class, but the pressure of other duties was great; he had always had it next his heart to promote the education of working men, referring to his experience at Woolwich and elsewhere. The little memento in the shape of a gold pencil case that was handed to him was accepted with kindly dignity. I followed the Professor at Owens College during one session, when he had assumed that patriarchal appearance which is represented in the published photographs of him. His lectures were always new and striking, and though sometimes he led the students into mazes of speculation, he did them the best service of a teacher—he made them think. If the Professor had a fault, perhaps I have indicated it. Perhaps he was too much inclined to abstract speculation for the practical work of a Principal. An incidental remark that fell from him in one of his logic lectures seemed to contain a self-defence. He said that in every civilized community there was need for a few minds to devote themselves to purely speculative pursuits. Those who knew the Professor better than I knew him have spoken of the width and thoroughness of his knowledge and of the fire of his genius. The care of the college which is to become the Manchester University has descended to more practical hands, but the early students will not soon forget its first Principal; they will cherish the remembrance of him with the same warm enthusiasm which Professor Maurice manifested when he presided at one of the college meetings last year, and spoke of him as his dear friend and fellow-student.

FEARFUL EPIDEMIC.—Such is the virulence of the foot and mouth disease that, not content with its ravages among cattle, it has actually extended to the human species. Our friend Throatlebottom, whose rise from the ranks has been rather rapid, assures us that his wife is quite unfit for society, as, every time she opens her mouth, she puts her foot in it!

DIDSBURY COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Allow me to remark, in justice to the tutors, that the young gentleman who preached at the College Chapel on the afternoon referred to by your correspondent of last week, was not one of the students, they having been away for the vacation at the time.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Manchester.

Dr. ANGUS SMITH ON THE AIR OF TOWNS.

THE annual report of Dr. R. Angus Smith on the operations of the Alkali Act of 1863 is unusually interesting, owing to the information which it affords on some points of general importance, by no means limited to the alkali manufacture. The effort to control the efforts of alkali works naturally leads to an inquiry as to the ordinary state of the atmosphere. The refinements of modern science are enabling us to grasp a class of facts hitherto unknown except by the effects which they produce. The air we breath seems now to be undergoing an investigation similar to that which was commenced some years ago in regard to the water supply. Dr. Smith tells us, "a great deal is now in our power which was before impossible." By examining rain we are enabled to discover what are the gases and substance which float in the air. When there is no rain it is possible to wash the air in bottles, and under this process to make it yield the foreign matters with which it is impregnated. Rain varies greatly in its character according to the source from whence it proceeds, and the locality where it falls. Rain falling on the coast, and coming from the sea, contains chiefly common salt, which crystallizes clearly. The proportion of sulphates to chlorides is larger in rain than in sea water. This is a general rule, holding good from central Germany to the most northern Hebrides. In the next place, we come to a very striking fact. As we advance inland the rainwater sulphates increase. These sulphates serve to disguise the sulphuretted hydrogen, which otherwise would be intolerable, and which is given off by decompo-ing matter. The pure oxygen of the air combines with the stinking gas and oxidises it—makes it harmless, so far as the gas itself is concerned. Just as the nitrates in the water supply of London are a measure of the "previous sewage contamination" of that fluid, so the sulphates washed out of the air by rain are a measure of a similar contamination affecting the atmosphere. There is, indeed, a disturbing cause in reference to air. The sulphates are largely increased in the atmosphere of towns by the combustion of coal. From the same cause, coupled with the decomposition of certain substances, there is an increase of the ammoniacal salts in the rain as towns increase. Rain may also become acid from the presence of sulphur, combined with oxygen. Towns vary in their atmosphere and their rain. Civilisation not only pollutes rivers, but pollutes likewise the aerial currents. The rain of Manchester turns the blue litmus paper red—the sure token of an acid—and where most soot is found there is much acidity. Sulphuric acid exists as the result of a large consumption of coal. Rain coming after a period of drought is particularly rich in acid, while continuous rain reduces the quantity. But there is a good deal more in the air, besides gases and crystals, and we look forward to the day when the Registrar General will publish monthly analyses of the air, after the fashion of the present returns with regard to the water supply.

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Mr. Dancer has aided Dr. Smith with his microscopic skill, and has studied the character of the solid particles contained in the air of Manchester. Samples of the air were washed by Dr. Smith, and the fluid was afterwards examined by Mr. Dancer. A single drop of the water was computed to contain no less than a quarter of a million of fungoid spheres. The drops of water yielded a kind of dust which in the space of three or four days produced considerable numbers of animalculæ, in which monads were most conspicuous. In this dust were particles of partially burned wood, fragments of vegetation, filaments of cotton, and granules of starch. Spores and germs, acids, salts, and gases, dust and rubbish—such is the air of cities! On the pages of this Report we have sundry wood engravings representing the crystals obtained by evaporating the rain water of various towns. Here we see at a glance that Manchester is not as London, nor London as Newcastle. The Manchester crystals look like a mixture of beads or broken glass, while Newcastle has much less variety in form.

In addition to these matters we have an interesting inquiry into the composition of coal-smoke. Dr. Angus Smith has experimented on smoke of various degrees of blackness and brownness, and shows that the difficulty of consuming smoke does not commonly arise from a deficiency of air in the furnace, but from the fact that a rapid draught often fails to allow time for proper combustion. It is also certain that the black smoke prohibited by act of Parliament contains carbonic oxide, "one of the most poisonous of gases." As carbonic oxide is only detected in smoke, and is really an expensive article to produce, we seem to be furnished with every reason why such a nuisance should be prohibited. Altogether, Dr. Smith has addressed to the Privy Council a very useful and suggestive Report.

SHAKESPERE v. BOUCICAULT.

THE *Formosa* controversy, to which we briefly referred last week, is waged with unremitting vigour in the London press. A correspondent of one paper states emphatically that the allegation of crowded houses at Drury Lane Theatre, where Boucicault's play is performed, is entirely untrue. The discreditable production does not "draw" to anything like the extent asserted. Meanwhile the *Daily News* inquires whether there is any truth in the assertions of Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Boucicault that a better class of dramatic entertainment will not pay. "Undoubtedly," it says, "there are some ugly facts in support of the statement. Mr. Chatterton is not the only manager who has failed to make Shakespere pay. A Drury Lane manager can only keep himself going by a constant succession of very large audiences, and it must be admitted that there is not a public of this vastness and this unvarying appetite for the most intellectual forms of dramatic entertainment. It does not follow, however, that a public of more moderate dimensions is not to be found, who would abundantly sustain a smaller theatre if they were rightly appealed to. The success of Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's is not an argument; for he made such grand spectacular shows out of Shakespere that it may be doubted if people did not go chiefly to see the splendid decorations and appointments. But we have a most convincing instance in the management of Sadler's Wells by Mr. Phelps, from 1844 to 1862. During that long period, Shakespere was the staple at the little Islington theatre, and it is believed that Mr. Phelps had no cause to regret his speculation. The reasons are not difficult to discover, or to state. Not only is Mr. Phelps himself a most meritorious actor—not only was he supported in the chief female parts by such actresses as Mrs. Warner at one time, and Miss Glyn at another, but he kept a watchful eye over the minutest details of production, so that every play was intelligently acted throughout. He paid due attention to scenery and costume, without thrusting them into the front place. He was not overwhelmed by rent, or by expenditure on unnecessary magnificence; nor was he compelled to attract every night audiences of fabulous size, on pain of not being able to cover his outlay. Accordingly he succeeded; and this fact alone is sufficient to prove that the higher drama may, under certain conditions, be made remunerative."

SCREWS.

The screw *pur sang* is the man whose proclivities towards parsimony are so strong as to make him perpetrate petty meannesses without the shadow of a pretext. He has not the making of a miser in him. Were he spared to the age of old Parr, he would never grow into a Dance or an Elwes. It would be no luxury to him to bathe in gold pieces the hands which, from motives of economy, he has left innocent of soap. On the contrary, he loves show and comfort fully as much as he does his money, and his life is a series of efforts, more or less painful and ridiculous, to bring about a compromise among the three. He is always trying to conceal his shabbiness, and continually being found out. Let him act as he may, from time to time he is betrayed by his deeds, or else his surroundings rise up against him, mutely eloquent witnesses. A spasm shoots over his features at some involuntary disbursement. He underpays a cabman before the door of an aristocratic acquaintance, and receives with an air of deprecating humility the torrent of rugged eloquence that descends from the box. With furtive glances at the windows, he sneaks abjectly into a compromise, instead of turning away with conscious dignity, like the liberal man who knows himself the victim of an imposture. He insinuates a threepenny-piece stealthily into the hands of the ostler who brings him his horse, and forthwith the man opens his palm, and lets all the bystanders into the mystery of the transaction. He leaves his friend's house forgetful of the servants, trusting vaguely to the chance of their being changed before his next visit. Then, on his return, he goes about shrinking and shrivelling under a sense of the sneers and contemptuous judgment of the *vehmgericht* of the servants' hall Change he never has, until absolutely driven to the wall, and then he is pretty sure to discover some specimens of the very smallest denomination of coin in an out-of-the-way pocket, for he holds that the increase of threepenny-pieces, and the substitution of the florin for the antiquated half-crown, are steps in the right direction towards the reform of the currency. There is a species of screw, by no means very rare, who can be generous to a degree in great things, while excessively stingy in small. He gifts his native place with a park or a mechanics' institute, embellishes it with drinking fountains, or founds and endows churches, while at the same time he refuses a penny to a starving beggar, although he may read in the wretch's emaciated features that the modest bounty could not possibly be misapplied.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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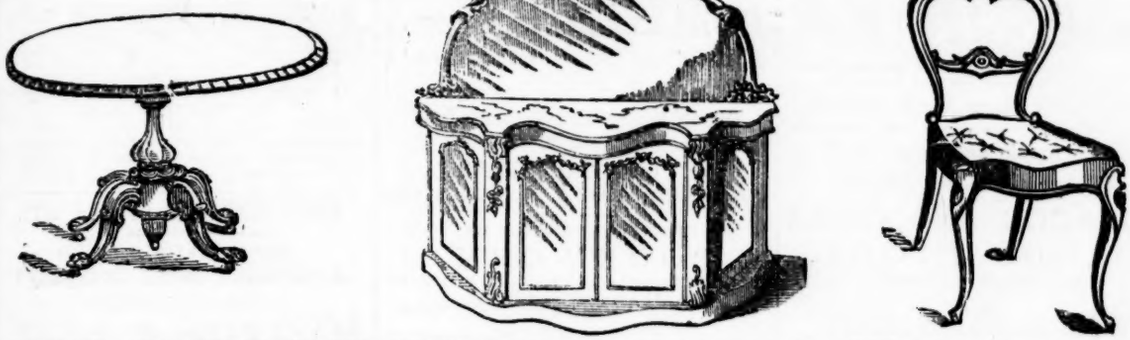

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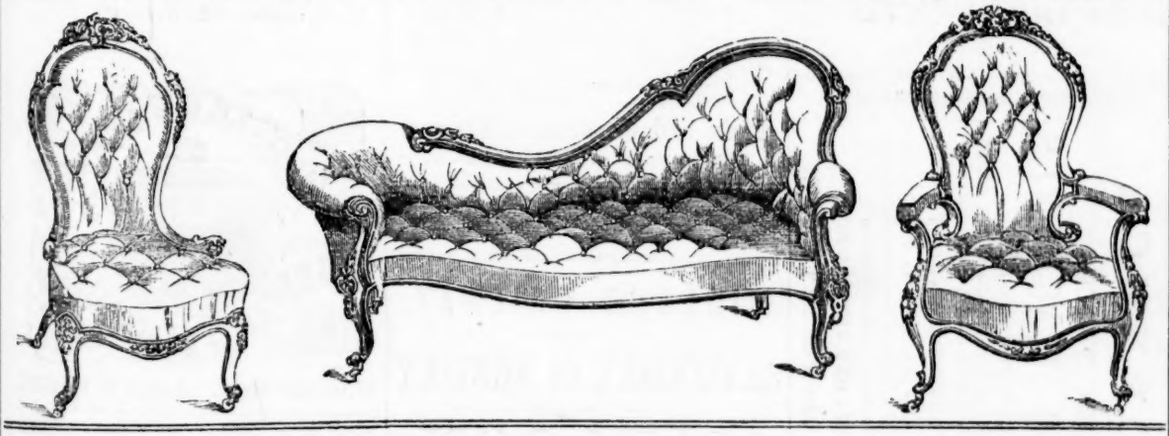

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